





Ladushki, ladushki Is a little game-You clap-clap your hands And you call your name. "Come, little birdies, come and speak, Were you at Granny's house this week?" "So we were, today, today, But now we're back, and here we'll stay." "What did you have to eat, to eat?" "A bowl of porridge and a plate of meat." "What did you have to drink, to drink?" "A pot of tea and a mug of milk. The porridge was good, And the milk was too, And Granny was nice, And so are you. We ate and we drank our fill, and then Went flying home to Baby again. On her head we perched, and sang a song-Tweet-tweet!-all the morning long."

Ladushki, ladushki Is a little game— You clap-clap your hands And you call your name.



J 1960

# LADUSHKO



# RHYMES AND TALES FOR LITTLE ONES

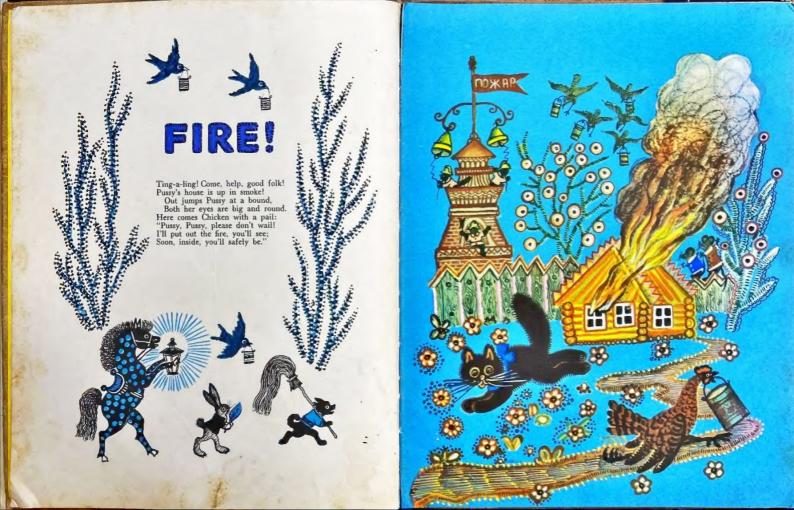


Illustrated by Yuri Vasnetsov



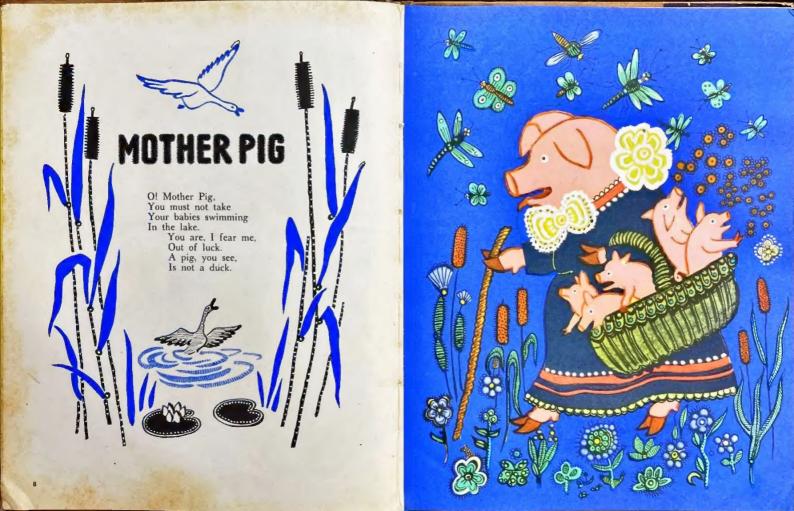


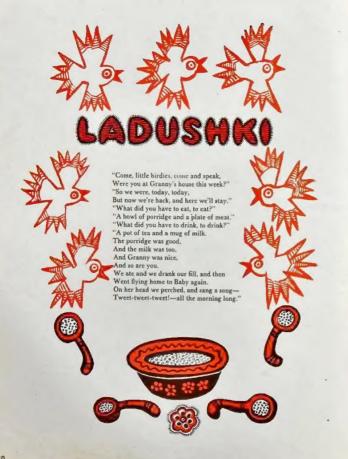


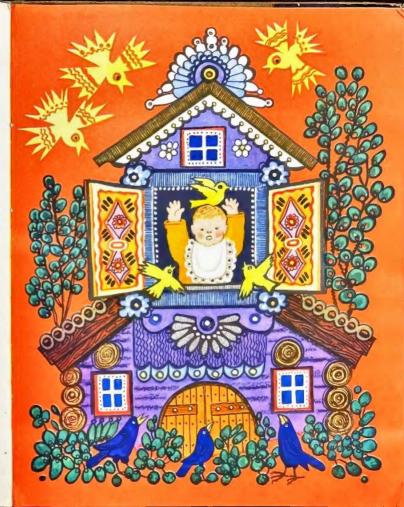














A pretty gold bed Has Pussy, has Pussy. But my own baby son Has a prettier one.

A pillow of down Has Pussy, has Pussy. But my own baby son Has a downier one.

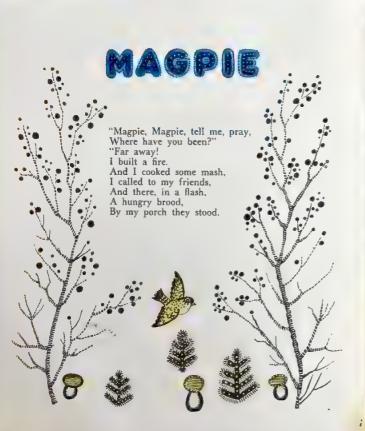
A quilt soft as silk Has Pussy, has Pussy. But my own baby son Has a silkier one.

A curtain of lace Has Pussy, has Pussy. But my own baby son Has a lacier one.

'Tis sweet dreams she sees, Does Pussy, does Pussy. But my own baby will See sweeter ones still.

Yes, my baby he will See sweeter ones still.









"The squirrel had some, And so did the hare, The duck and the owl They each got a share. But one poor little soul got nothing at all!

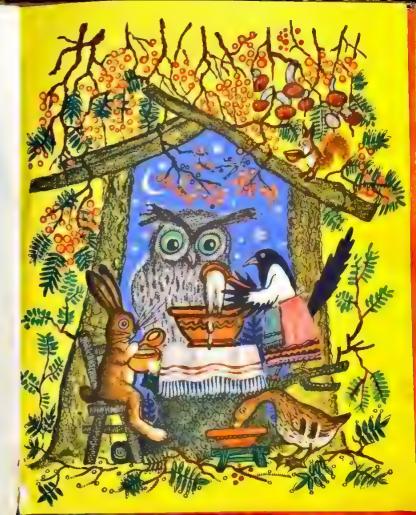


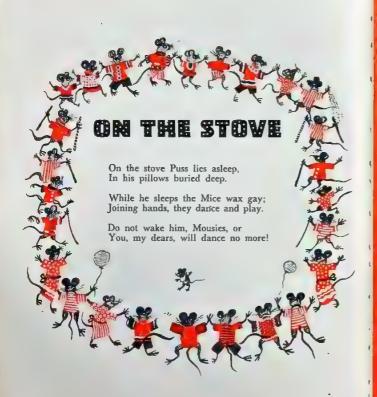


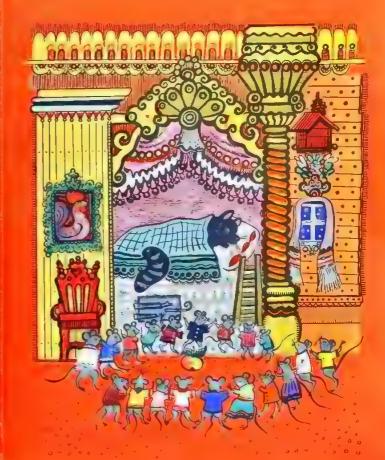
He had fetched no water, He had chopped no wood, He had built no fire, He had cooked no food."

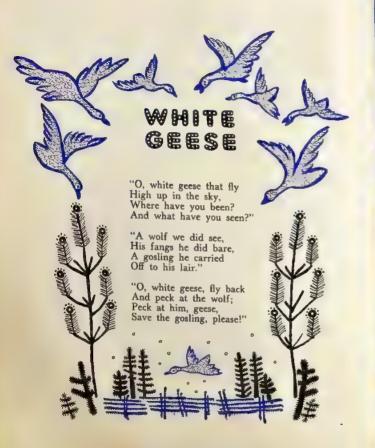




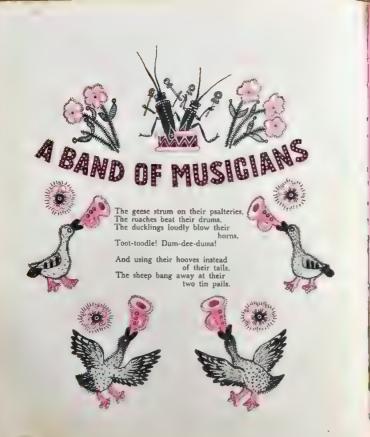


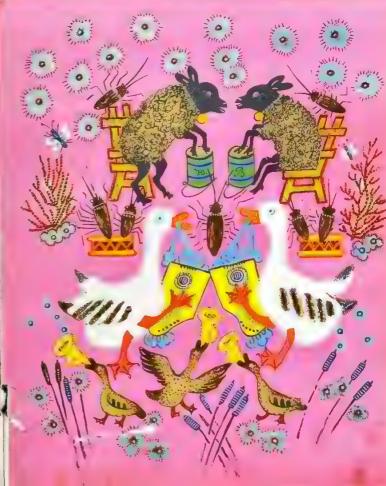














#### THE GOLDEN EGG

Once upon a time there lived an old man and an old woman and they had a speckled hen.

One day the hen laid an egg, and it was no ordinary egg but one of gold and a treat to behold.

The old man tried to crack it and could not.

The old woman tried to crack it and she could not.

either.

Then a little mouse ran up and brushed it with its tail, and the egg fell to the floor and broke into little pieces.

The old man cried, the old woman cried and the

speckled hen said:

"Cluck-cluck-cluck! Do not cry, old man, do not cry, old woman! I'll lay you another egg, not one of gold and a treat to behold, but a simple one, like all hens lay, that you can eat this very day."

And she did.





## THE RABBIT'S HUT

Once upon a time there lived a Fox and a Rabbit. The Fox's hut was made of ice and the Rabbit's of bark, and the Fox teased the Rabbit and said:

"My hut is ever so much nicer than yours, Rabbit; mine is

light and yours is dark."

Summer came, and the Fox's hut melted. So the Fox began pleading with the Rabbit to let her move in with him.

"Do let me in, Rabbit dear," she begged. "I don't even mind

living in your garden."

"No, Mistress Fox, why should I after you teased me so?" But the Fox begged and begged, and the Rabbit finally let her into his garden.

Next day the Fox began pleading with him again. "Do let me on to your porch, Rabbit dear," she said.

"I won't. Why did you tease me so?"

But the Fox begged and begged till at last the Rabbit gave in and let her on to the porch.

On the third day the Fox began pleading with him again.

"Do let me into the hut, Rabbit dear," she said.

"I would if you hadn't teased so."

But the Fox begged and begged, and the Rabbit finally did as she asked. So now there were two of them in the hut, the Fox sitting on the bench and the Rabbit on the stove.

On the fourth day the Fox began pleading with him again. "Be a pet, Rabbit dear," she said, "do let me sit on the stove."

"Oh, no. You shouldn't have teased me so."

But the Fox went on pleading and pleading with him, and the Rabbit gave in and let her sit on the stove beside him.

A day passed, and then another, and the Fox began chasing the Rabbit out of the hut.

"Get out, squint-eyes!" she cried. "I don't want you in the house with me.'

And she drove the poor Rabbit out.

The Rabbit sat down and began to cry, brushing the tears away sadly with his paws.

Just then some Dogs ran by.



"Bow-wow-wow! What are you crying for, Rabbit?" they asked.

"How can I help it? I had a hut of bark, and the Fox had one of ice. In spring the Fox's hut melted, so she begged me to let her live in mine. I did, and now she has gone and driven me out!"

"Do not cry, Rabbit," said the Dogs. "We'll chase the Fox out of your hut in no time."

"No, you won't!"

"We will, don't worry."

They came up to the hut and called: "Bow-wow-wow! Get out, Fox, get out!"

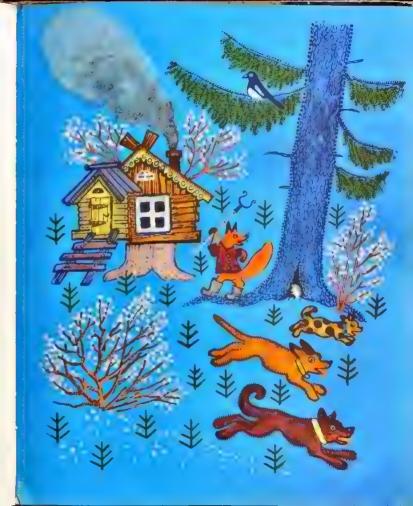
And the Fox called back to them from the stove ledge:

"I'll jump me down And I'll rush me out, And I'll tear you to pieces And strew them about!"

The Dogs were frightened and ran away. And the Rabbit sat down again and began to cry.

Just then a Wolf passed by.
"What are you crying about, Rabbit?" he asked.
"How can I help it, Grey Wolf! I had a hut of bark, and the Fox had one of ice. When spring came the Fox's hut





melted so she asked me to let her live in mine. I did, and then what did she do but drive me out!"

"Do not cry, Rabbit," said the Wolf. "I'll chase the Fox out, you'll see."

"You won't. The Dogs tried and they couldn't, so how can you!"

"I will, never fear!"

The Wolf went up to the hut and howled in a frightening voice:

"Woo! Woo! Get out, Fox, get out!"

And the Fox called back:

"I'll jump me down
And I'll rush me out,
And I'll tear you to pieces
And strew them about!"

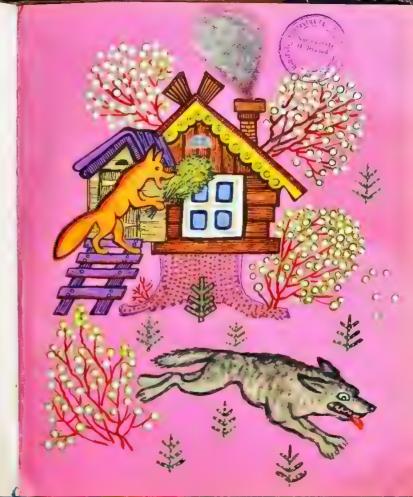
The Wolf was frightened and ran away. And the Rabbit sat down again and began to cry.

Just then an old Bear passed by.

"What are you crying about, Rabbit?" he asked.

"How can I help it, Bear! I had a hut of bark and the Fox had one of ice. When spring came the Fox's hut melted so she asked me to let her live in mine. I did, and what did she do but drive me out!"





"Do not cry, Rabbit," said the Bear, "I'll soon chase her

"That's what you think! The Dogs tried, and they couldn't, the Grey Wolf tried, and he couldn't. So surely you can't either."

"I will, never fear."

And the Bear walked up to the hut and growled:

"G-r-r, g-r-r.... Get out, Fox, get out!"

But the Fox called back from the stove ledge:

"I'll jump me down
And I'll rush me out,
And I'll tear you to pieces
And strew them about!"

The Bear was frightened and lumbered off, and the Rabbit sat down again and cried and cried.

Just then a Rooster passed by with a scythe in his hand. "Cock-a-doodle-doo! What are you crying about, Rabbit?"

"How can I help it, Rooster dear! I had a hut of bark and the Fox had one of ice. When spring came the Fox's hut melted so she asked me to let her live in mine. I did, and what did she do but throw me out!"

"Don't you fret, Rabbit, I'll soon chase her out."





"That's what you think! The Dogs tried, and they couldn't, the Grey Wolf tried, and he couldn't, the old Bear tried, and he couldn't. So surely you can't either."

"I will, you'll see."

The Rooster went to the hut and crowed out:

"I've red boots on my feet And a scythe in my hand, And I'll skin Fox alive As I live and stand. So out, Fox, away, Or I'll do as I say!"

The Fox heard him and was terribly frightened. "Just let me get my things on!" she cried.

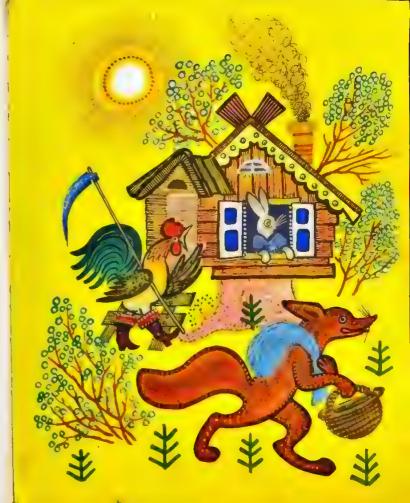
And the Rooster called again:

"Cock-a-doodle-doo! I've red boots on my feet And a scythe in my hand, And I'll skin Fox alive As I live and stand. So out, Fox, away, Or I'll do as I say!"

"Just let me put my coat on!" cried the Fox. And the Rooster called out for the third time:

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!
I've red boots on my feet
And a scythe in my hand,
And I'll skin Fox alive
As I live and stand.
So out, Fox, away,
Or I'll do as I say!"

At this the Fox was very frightened indeed. Down she jumped from the stove and away she ran as fast as her legs could carry her. And as for the Rabbit and the Rooster, they lived happily ever after.





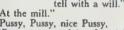




#### NICE PUSSY



"Pussy, Pussy, nice Pussy,
Where have you been? Come,
tell with a will."
"At the mill."
"Pussy, Pussy, nice Pussy,
What were you doing for nigh
an hour?"



"Grinding flour."
"Pussy, Pussy, nice Pussy,
Out of the flour what did

"A honey cake."
"Pussy, Pussy, nice Pussy,
Did you leave a piece for me
to try?"

"Not I." "Take that, Pussy, bad Pussy!"













#### SLEEP, MY BABY



Sleep, my baby, rock-a-bye, Boots of felt for you I'll buy. You will put them on to play In the snow on winter's day. Boots of felt I'll buy for you, And a pair of mittens too.







### THE TURNIP

One day Old Man planted a turnip. The turnip grew and grew till it was very, very big.

Old Man went to pluck it. He pulled and he pulled but he could not pull it out.

So he called Old Woman.

Old Woman took hold of Old Man, and Old Man took hold of the turnip, and they pulled and they pulled but they could not pull it out.

So Old Woman called Little Girl.

Little Girl took hold of Old Woman. Old Woman took hold of Old Man, Old Man took hold of the turnip, and they pulled and they pulled but they could not pull it out.

So Little Girl called Dog.

Dog took hold of Little Girl, Little Girl took hold of Old Woman, Old Woman took hold of Old Man, Old Man took hold of the turnip, and they pulled and they pulled but they could not pull it out.

So Dog called Cat.

Cat took hold of Dog, Dog took hold of Little Girl, Little Girl took hold of Old Woman, Old Woman took hold of Old Man, Old Man took hold of the turnip, and they pulled and they pulled but they could not pull it out.

So Cat called Mouse.

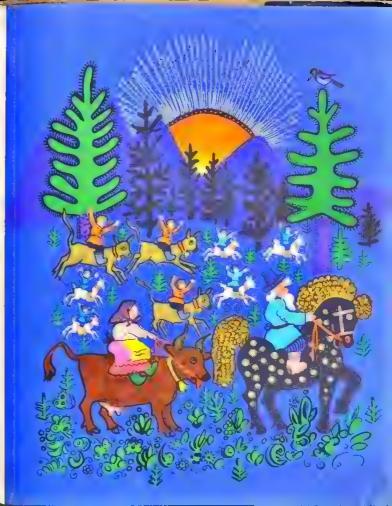
Mouse took hold of Cat, Cat took hold of Dog, Dog took hold of Little Girl, Little Girl took hold of Old Woman, Old Woman took hold of Old Man, Old Man took hold of the turnip, and they pulled and they pulled till at last ... OUT IT CAME!

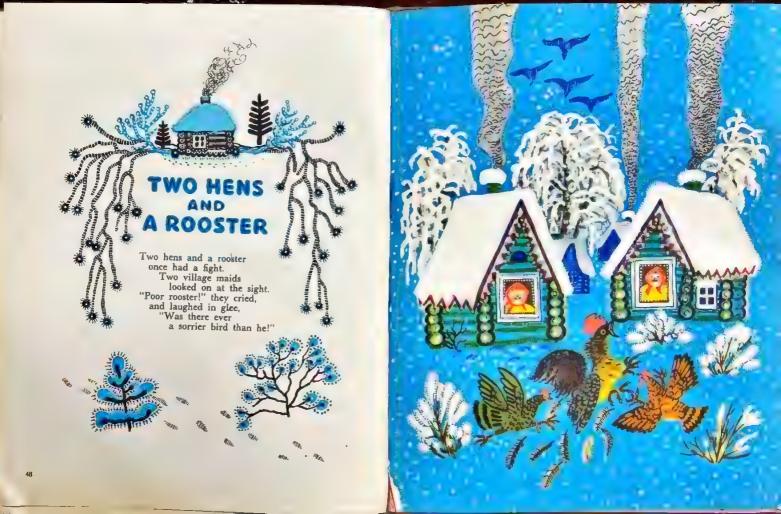












#### LITTLE ROUND BUN

Once upon a time there lived an old man and an old woman. One day the old man said:

"Do bake me a bun, old woman!"

"How can I do that? We have no flour."

"Scrape out the flour-box and sweep out the bin and perhaps you'll find enough flour for a bun."

So the old woman scraped out the flour-box and swept out the bin and she managed to glean a handful of flour.

With this and a bit of sour-cream she kneaded some dough, rolled it into a little round bun and put it in the stove to bake. The bun soon turned rosy and brown and crusty and looked oh! so good to cat.

The old woman then took it out of the stove and put it on the window sill to cool.

The little round bun lay there for a time and then it suddenly started rolling. From the window it rolled to the bench, from the bench to the floor and then to the door. It hopped over the threshold and into the passage, from the passage to the porch, from the porch to the yard, from the yard to the gate, from the gate to the road and it never stopped but rolled on and on.

As it rolled along the road it met a Rabbit coming toward it. "Stop, Little Round Bun!" called the Rabbit. "I'm going to eat you up."

"Don't do that, Squint-eyes, I'll sing you a song," said Little Round Bun, and it began to sing:

"I was scraped from the flour-box
And swept from the bin
And baked in the oven
And cooled on the sill.
I ran away from Grandpa,
I ran away from Grandma,
And I'll run away from Rabbit, this minute I will!"



And off it rolled and away, and that was the last the Rabbit ever saw of it.

On rolled Little Round Bun along the road, and it met a Wolf coming toward it.

"Stop, Little Round Bun," said the Wolf, "for I'm going to eat you up."

"Don't do that, Grey Wolf, and I'll sing you a little song."
And Little Round Bun began to sing:

"I was scraped from the flour-box

And swept from the bin And baked in the oven And cooled on the sill. I ran away from Grandpa, I ran away from Grandma,

I ran away from Grandma, I ran away from Rabbit,

And I'll run away from Wolf, this minute I will!"

And off it rolled and away, and that was the last the Wolf ever saw of it.

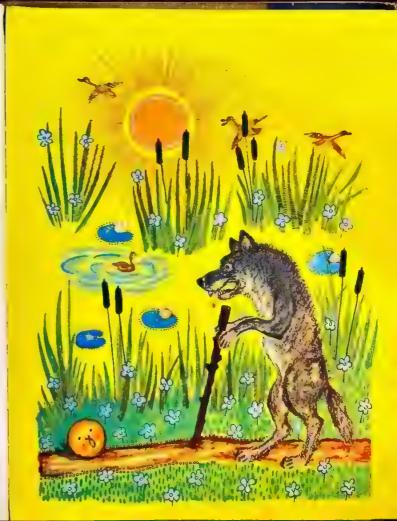
On rolled Little Round Bun through the woods, and it met a Bear coming toward it.

"Stop, Little Round Bun, for I'm going to eat you up!" said the Bear.

"Oh, no, Big and Clumsy, that you won't!

I was scraped from the flour-box And swept from the bin And baked in the oven And cooled on the sill.





"I ran away from Grandpa,

I ran away from Grandma, I ran away from Rabbit,

I ran away from Wolf,

And I'll run away from Bear, this minute I will!"

And away it rolled very fast indeed, and that was the last the Bear ever saw of it.

On and on rolled Little Round Bun, and it met a Fox coming toward it.

"Hullo, Little Round Bun!" said the Fox. "How round and brown and rosy you are. Where are you rolling to?"

Little Round Bun was very pleased at the Fox's praise and it stopped and began to sing:

"I was scraped from the flour-box

And swept from the bin And baked in the oven

And baked in the oven And cooled on the sill.

I ran away from Grandpa, I ran away from Grandma.

I ran away from Grandit

I ran away from Wolf,

I ran away from Bear,

And I'll run away from Fox, this minute I will!"





And it was about to roll on when the Fox said:

"Oh, what a pretty little song! Only I'm afraid I've grown so old I can't hear very well. Do hop on to my nose and sing again, please, a little louder."

Little Round Bun jumped on to the tip of the Fox's nose

and began singing its song over again:

"I was scraped from the flour-box

And swept from the bin And baked in the oven

And cooled on the sill.

I ran away from Grandpa,

I ran away from Grandma,

I ran away from Rabbit, I ran away from Wolf,

I ran away from Bear,

And I'll run away from Fox, this minute I will!"

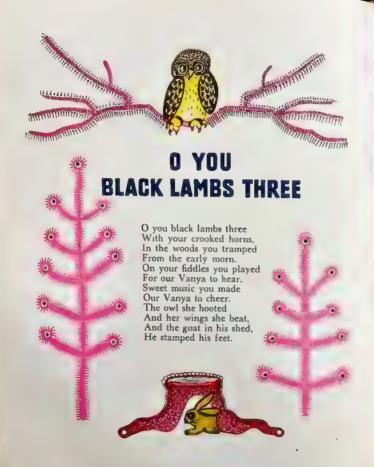
"Thank you, Little Round Bun," said the Fox. "It's a lovely song! I'd like to hear it again. Do hop on to my tongue and sing it one last time."

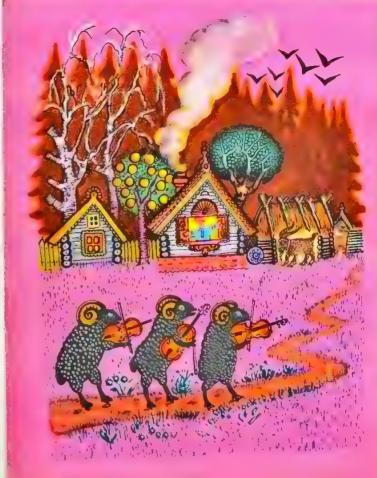
Little Round Bun jumped on to the Fox's tongue, andsnap!-she gobbled it up, and that was the last anyone ever

saw of it.

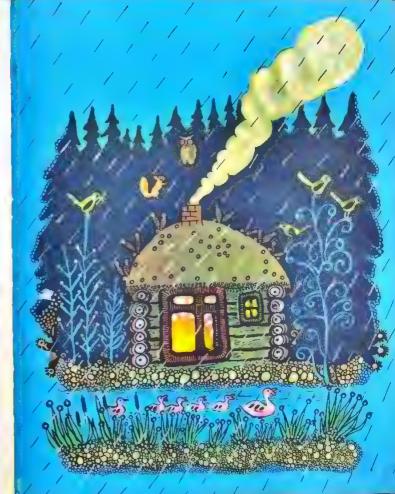




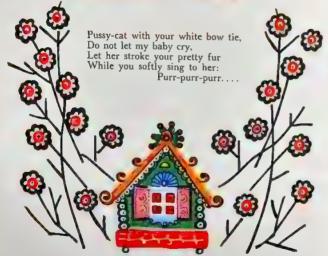








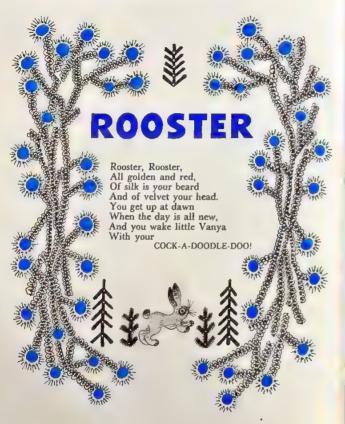


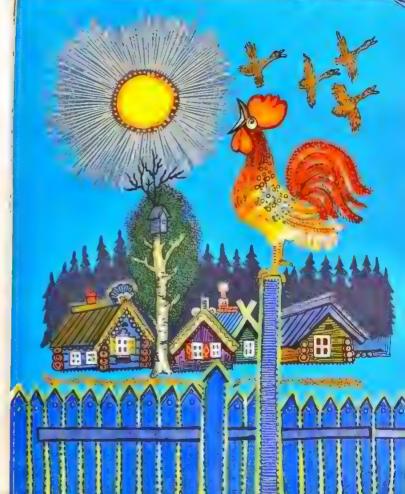






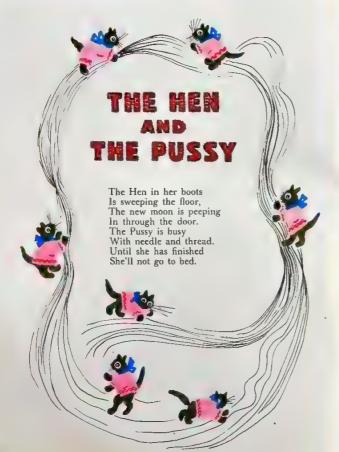














## THE WOLF THE LITTLE WHITE KIDS

Once upon a time there lived a goat and her kids. Off the goat would go to the woods to eat of the silken grass and to drink of the cool, sweet water, and the kids would lock the door of the hut behind her and never so much as show their noses outside.

When she came back, the mother goat would knock at the door and sing out:

"My kiddies own, my children dear,
Open the door, for your mother is here!
She has brought you some milk which is rich and sweet,
It runs from her udders down to her feet;
From her udders it runs without a sound
And trickles softly over the ground."

The kids would open the door and let in their mother, the mother would feed them and go off to the woods again, and they would lock the door behind her, just as they had before.

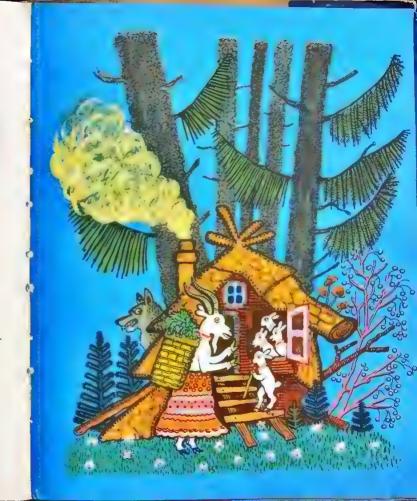
Now the wolf heard the mother goat call to her kids, and one day, when she had gone off to the woods, he ran to the hut and cried in his thick voice:

"My kiddies own,
My children dear,
Open the door
And never you fear.
Your mother has come,
She has brought you some milk,
It runs from her udders
Like a ribbon of silk!"

And the kids called back:

"We hear you, whoever you are, but that isn't our mother's voice! Mother's voice is thin and the words she says are different."

What was the wolf to do?



He went to a smithy and asked the blacksmith to forge him a new throat and make his voice very, very thin. The blacksmith forged him a new throat, and the wolf ran to the goat's but and hid behind a bush.

By and by the mother goat came home from the woods. She

knocked at the door and called to her kids:

"My kiddies own, my children dear,
Open the door, for your mother is here!
She has brought you some milk which is rich and sweet,
It runs from her udders down to her feet;
From her udders it runs without a sound
And trickles softly over the ground."

The kids opened the door for their mother and began telling her about the wolf and how he had wanted to eat them up. The mother goat fed the kids and then she said very sternly

indeed:

"Remember, children, if anyone comes and talks to you, listen carefully, and unless his voice is as thin as mine and he says the very same words that I do, do not let him in."

No sooner had the mother goat left than the wolf came running. He knocked at the door of the hut and called out in the thinnest of voices:

"My kiddies own, my children dear,
Open the door, for your mother is here!
She has brought you some milk which is rich and sweet,
It runs from her udders down to her feet;
From her udders it runs without a sound
And triokles softly over the ground."





The kids opened the door, and the wolf rushed in and gobbled them all up, save for one little kid who had hidden himself in the stove.

By and by the mother goat came home, but call and shout as she would, no one answered her. She looked, and seeing that the door was unlocked, ran in. The hut was empty, but she glanced into the stove and found one little kid there.

Great was the mother goat's grief when she heard of her children's fate. Down she dropped on the bench and began weeping and sobbing bitterly, saying over and over:

> "O my children dear, o my kiddies own, Why did I ever leave you alone? For the wicked wolf you opened the door, Never, I fear, will I see you more!"

The wolf heard her. He came into the hut and said:
"Why do you make me out to be such a villain, Mistress
cart It was not I who at warp hid. The net will have the

Goat? It was not I who ate your kids. Do not grieve, but come for a walk in the woods with me instead."

They went to the woods and soon came upon a hole with a fire burning in it.

Said the mother goat to the wolf:

"Come, wolf, let us see which of us can jump over the hole."
And she made a great leap and went straight across. The
wolf jumped after her but he tripped and fell into the fire.
His belly burst open from the heat, and out the kids hopped,
safe and sound, and ran straight to their mother! And they
lived happily ever after.







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